They have gone through life together, They have braved its stormy weather, Many a year;
Time has fliched from beauty's treasures,
But love scorns the board he measures
With a leer.

'Mid the world's turmoil and fretting,
They'd no tears, and vain regretting
For the past;
All their troubles firmly breasting,
They have found the time for resting
Sweet, at last.

There are graves upon the meadow—Buby forms that He in shadow,
Dark and still;
Ah! they felt lif. 's fountains drying When they looked on baby, dying,
But—'Thy will!"

Now with pulses throbbing steady, Hand in hand, they're waiting, ready; Not a sigh For the time that's swiftly fleeting, There will be a joyous meeting— By and by. H. W. Field, in Detroit Free Press.

A CLASSIC MANIAC.

A Young Lady Who Refused to be Sacrificed.

Soon after the surrender I became a teacher in the female seminary of J-, in South Louisians. Like many another of my countrywomen, I was compelled to disregard the normal antipathy of the Southern mind to a woman overstepping the strait limits that bind her rithin the sacred privacy of home, and battling in the world's arena for daily bread. So I took my place in the bread. So I took my place in the small a compass as possible, and ranks of the combatants, and trained watched him with dilated eyes and flutyoung ideas in the seminary of J. I found it a pleasant little place. pretty and picturesque, and especially favored with good society and an abundance of schools and churches. It had one great drawback, however; what that was my story will disclose.

One summer evening I set out for ramble through the pine woods extending for some distance above the town.
It had been an intensely hot day, and I had found the tedium of the schoolroom increased to an intolerable degree by the burning heat of the atmosphere; so went to look for a cooler spot than the brick walls of the college could afford.

I found it on the top of a pine-crowned hill, and, seating myself on the soft carpet of dead pine straw that covered the ground, became immersed in thoughts of former haleyon days, be-fore the grim spectres of war and ruia stalked through our sunny land, that I forgot all about the lapse of time and

I was recalled to a sense of my sur roundings by a low roll of thunder. and, starting up, was surprised to see how dark it had grown. The sky was covered with thick clouds, through which shone an occasional ominous flash. The wind, too, had risen, and the solemn roar of the pine trees, surely the most mourful serie sound mosts. the most mournful eerie sound mortal ears ever heard, filled the air. I hastily descended the hill, walking as rapidly as possible, hoping to reach home before the storm broke. Before I had gone half a mile I was startled by a loud voice just behind me, saying:

pleasant evening, madam."
med round and stared in astonishment, first, as not being as I supposed he had just sprung out of the ground, stood a young man, evidently a gentle-man, in faultless evening costume ex-cept that, strange to say, he wore no hat. Where he had come from, or he could be doing out there in the woods in that dress and bareheaded. I could not conjecture; nor how he pre-sumed to address me so famil arly. I replied by as slight and cold a bow as poss ble, and turning from him walked rapidly onward. Not at all disconcertmy chilling behavior, he stepped side and walked with me, continning the conversation, or rather

monologue, in the same loud tone.

"An uncommonly pleasant evening, certainly. I have never felt the balmy air of the sweet South so refreshing as after a day when the scorching rays of Phœ us, as the ancient Greeks named the bright luminary of the sky, have been so over-powering. I trust we shall have a lovely night when the pale Diana, goddess of the silver bow, will reign summan from the same loud tone.

and pretend to fall in with their peculiar fantasies. All very well in theory, but alone, at night, in a deserted house, far from all possible help, in the actual grasp of a powerful maniac, I think any one would find it rather difficult to reduce theory to practice. Moreover, my friend's especial craze seemed to be the classics, and every scrap of ancient mythology I ever learned had gone clean out of my head at that moment. preme, and with her mild beams cool clean out of my head at that moment. our burning brains?'

"Is he crazy?" thought I, getting him, and I drew back with all my rather pale and nervous, and then critically examining my unwelcome escort. No, he looked same enough; somewhat flighty, certainly, and decidedly high-flown in his language; but composed and gentlemanly in manner. Just then I remembered that an amateur Thespian society had been recently formed in J which entirely possessed the hearts and souls of the juve-nile population, and I at once set down my new acquaintance as an enthusiastic votary of the histrionic art, who carried lofty phraseology of the boards into private conversation. I even thought his face looked familiar, and decided that I must have met him at rehearsal. So, as there seemed no possibil ty of retting rid of him, I put a good face on the matter and replied civilly that I was afraid he was mistaken in his opinion of the weather, as there seemed ev-

ery prospect of a violent storm.

"No, no," replied my grandiloquent friend, waving his hand gracefully round what sailors would call "the offing," "that is not probable. Zeus, father of gods and men, would not so forget his divine prerogative of protectthe weak as to commence flinging his thunderbolts around while one so fair, and alas! so frail, is exposed to their dire effects." "Decidedly the man is mad," thought

, and involuntarily quickened my steps

"Don't hurry," cried he, and laid his hand on my arm as if to check my flight. This completed my panic, but I had still sense enough left to reflect that thing I could do was to betray my teror to him, and I strove hard to reta'n sufficient presence of mind to get r.d of him without offending him. "Excuse me, sir, but as I see a house

to the left among the trees, I think I will take shelter there, as I am sure we are going to have a storm." As if to corroborate my words there came just then a blinding flash, an ear-

splitting clap of thunder, and a few large slow drops fell on my bonnet and m, troublesome companion's bare head. "There speaks the voice of a mighty Jove," cried that strange individual w th another graceful wave of the hand, "but have no fears, madam, the gods of high Olympus war not on weak mortals like ourselves, but on each other.' "I don't care about getting my best bonnet ruined, however," said I: "there

are no milliners' shops on Olympus to furnish me another. You, sir, as you do not seem afraid of storms and have no hat to spo l. had better go on to

"And leave you to face the perils of the tempest alone?" cried he, gallantly. "Never! We will face them together no matter how dreadful they may be." And he immediately began singing in the same loud v ice unnaturally loud, seened . me-the old-fashioned

waving both hands in time to the music.

I now grew seriously alarmed. If fell through above there, and hurt himthis were not "midsummer madness" it self."

looked very much like it; and I walked | A single shove from a strong shoulas rapidly as possible toward the house, hoping to find there not only shelter Yes, he was there, lying as he had from the weather, but protection from fallen, and with a deep gash in his side, my unfortunate companion, who still from the bayonet with which he had inkept close at my side. But, as I approached, I was struck with the lonely dead, poor wretch! It would have been and desolate appearance of the demesne.

The yard gate was half open, hanging from one hinge, the walk weed-grown, the gallery steps broken and decayed. I still pressed on, however, hoping against hope to find some one within to whom I could appeal. But the deserted, empty look of everything around soon convinced me my hopes were yain. The

convinced me my hopes were vain. The rooms were all open, some of the doors had been torn from their hinges and lay on the dusty floors, and the staircase leading from the hall to the upper story study and insufficient sleep, having was broken in many places, and looked about to fall. I guessed at once it was a dwelling that had been sacked and twenty-four for rest and recreation. He passed a brilliant examination, especi-ally in the classics, graduated, with high honors, and shortly afterward his mind failed and he became an inmate of the

partially destroyed during the war, and had since remained untenanted.

But what a situation was mine

Alone in a deserted house, far from all

help, with a strange man of whose in-

sanity I became more convinced every

moment. For now the roar and the

flash of the thunder and lightning were almost incessant, the rain poured down in torrents, a strong wind swept through the empty rooms and rattled the broken windows, and the more noisy and violent the war of the elements became,

the more restless and excited grew the stranger. He walked up and down the long hall, tossing his arms, talking to

nself, and gesticulating violer

apparently taking no notice of me, for which I was devoutly thankful, as I sat on the bottom step of the dismantled stairs with my heart in my mouth,

afraid to move and almost to breather

time he approached me I shrank into as

tering heart until the length of the hall

Oh, how I prayed that somebody

would come, some storm-stayed wan-derer like myself, some field hand

seeking shelter from the rain, any body

to deliver me from my fearful position

Would no one come from the college to

seek me? Had my fearful companion no one to look after him? He certainly

needed a keeper. Then I remembered with a feeling of blank despair that I had told no one where I was going, and

as for him, what did I know of his re-

lations or antecedents? So I could only

sit perfectly still, try to keep my terror

down, and hope for some chance of slipping away unobserved under cover of the night, which was now fast ap-

proaching.

In the meanwhile his excitement con-

With a bound he was beside me, and

seized my arm in his hot grasp.
"Come, come with me, Diana, chaste

As he spoke he pulled me away from the balusters to which I clung desper-

ately, and dragged me toward the door.

Now, I had always heard that the best

way to pacity lunatics is to humor them

My only thought was to get away from

his powerful hands clutched furiously at

"You will not come with me? You

Diana; no, and I am not Apollo; you

are Iphigenia, and I am Agamemnon. The ships wait in the harbor; they can not sail in such weather. Only hear

what a tempest Neptune has raised to

detain them! The gods must be pro-pitiated; they demand a sacrifice. The

victim is ready, but where is the sacri-ficial knife? Ha! I see it! I see it!"

With a wild, exulting cry he loosed his hold on me, and ran down the steps

to seize on a rusty bayonet lying in the yard, dropped there possibly by some careless, or perhaps wounded soldier.

But the victim was by no means ready, and the moment I felt his fierce

escaping through the back door, I can

not tell; my first impulse led me to it,

and I rushed up the broken steps, spring-ing over chasms where the planks were

gone, and catching desperately at the

remaining baulsters to save me from

falling. With no light to guide me on

behind me and my only alternative was

wild shrieks and exclamations when he

perceived my flight, and as I reached

storm.

my shoulder and throat as he hurled me

through the open door.

getting impatient.

lest I should, attract his notice.

again separated us.

J— lunatic asylum.

As for me, I could never afterward hear the remotest allusion to any heathen god or goddess without an involuntary shiver and a vivid recollection of my startling adventure.-A. G. Canfield, in N. O. Times-Democrat.

WORKMEN IN PARLIAMENT. The Great Changes in British Politics Wrought During the Past Twenty

Years. "No one can have watched the leaders of the workingmen for the last ten years without finding among them men capable of commanding the attention and respect of the House of Commons, not merely for their eloquence, surprising as that is, but for their good sense, good feeling and good breeding." Such

feeling and good breeding." Such were the words of the late Charles Kingsley twenty years ago.

The prophecy has been abundantly verified. Nearly ten years, however, elapsed after these words were uttered ere a working-man member was found in the House of Commons, though sev eral determined attempts had beer made. Mr. Burt, who has occupied a place in the Parliaments of 1874 and 1880, the late Mr. Alexander Macdonald who was in the House from 1874 until his death in 1881, and Mr. Broadhurst who was elected in 1880, were the first to wear the honor, and each has "commanded the attention and respect of the House of Commons," so much so that Mr. Broadhurst was a member of Mr. Gladstone's cabinet. Now that several colleagues have been given to them by the recent elections, the influence of th

working-man member may be expected

tinued to increase in proportion to the violence of the tempest. His pace became constantly more rapid, his gestures more vehement, his voice louder, until finally he rushed up and down the hall, waving his arms frantically over his head, and shouting out what seemed to me attray sorrors of verse and frage. to me stray scraps of verse and frag-ments of plays intermixed with numer-ous classical allusions.

"Hear the bolts of Jove how they the nineteenth century. During the early decades of the century the laborous classical allusions.

"Hear the bolts of Jove how they rattle! but they can not strike me. I wear the triple breastplate of Hercules, and am crowned with the oak leaves of Dodona. Why, surely all the fountains Dodona. Why, surely all the fountains of Castaly are falling from the clouds; of revolution. Intellectually the workor else Neptune has ousted Jupiter from his dominions and turned the firmament into an ocean. But they can not drown me; I am Apollo, god of the sun. And my sister Diana, what has become of her? She was with me but a moment are? ment, first, as not being as I supposed sentirely alone, secondly, at the uncerementious salutation of a stranger; and thirdly at the very inappropriate rehall, and to my utter horror I beheld the hall, and to my utter horror I beheld the hall, and to my utter horror I beheld the hall, and to my utter horror I beheld the hall, and to my utter horror I beheld the hall, and to my utter horror I beheld the hall, and to my utter horror I beheld the hall, and to my utter horror I beheld the hall, and to my utter horror I beheld the hall, and to my utter horror I beheld the hall, and to my utter horror I beheld the hall, and to my utter horror I beheld the hall, and to my utter horror I beheld the hall, and to my utter horror I beheld the hall, and to my utter horror I beheld the hall, and to my utter horror I beheld the hall, and to my utter horror I beheld the hall, and to my utter horror I beheld the hall, and to my utter horror I beheld the hall, and the my utter horror I beheld the hall thirdly, at the very inappropriate re-thirdly, at the very inappropriate re-the madman's eyes glaring full upon mark. Immediately behind me, as if me where I crouched on the stairstep. ment of their trades-unions and in many other directions—a training that ma-tured the judgment and self-control of

goddess of Night, you and I have to climb the heights of Olympus before morning. Great Jove is calling us, The social and political improvement in the industrial population has been most clearly discernible during the last don't you hear him? We will go by the hill where Endymion sleeps and awaken him. Come, hurry, hurry; the gods are twenty or thirty years. Fifty years ago a working-man would have been ostracised even if he had obtained election to Parliament; now he is received there as an equal. Before the reform bill of 1867 the voting power of workmen was comparatively small, and few of the middle classes would have listened to a request for a workmen's representative, had there been no property qualification to stand in the way of an election. With the passage of that act the condition of things was changed in the great centers of population. It is not, therefore, a matter of surprise that there should be a wish on the part of those to whom political power has been committed to have a direct voice in the making of the laws in which, as citizens, they are so deeply interested. Ardently, howstrength as he dragged me forward. Resistance only inflamed his frenzy. In the dim light I could discern his rolling eyes, clenched teeth and foaming mouth; ever, as working-men members might be wished for by their class, a greater diffi-culty still blocked the way—the want of ney to sustain them in Parliamentary life. This difficulty has, however, been overcome by the nominations to Parliament of the men who are leaders in the unions, and who are being maintained do not wish to see Endymion nor to scale Olympus! Then you are not by the funds of these societies. - Edward

Brown, in Harper's Magazine. ABOUT SYNONYMS.

The Difficulty Experienced in Finding Saitable Substitutes for Words. One gets a vivid sense of the different atmosphere about words substantially synonymous in trying to make substitutions in a proof-sheet. For example, the lynx-eyed proof-reader has some repeated a word three times in the space of a short paragraph. You have to find a substitute. It is easy to think of half a dozen terms that stand for very nearly the same idea, but it is in the incongru-ous implications of them all that the difficulty lies. You consult your Book of Synonyms, and find there nearly all you have already thought of, but never any others. There is, however, one further resource. You have had from boyhood the Thesaurus of English Words. Hundreds of times, during all my dangerous way but the fitful glare these years, you have referred to its of the lightning, it was a miracle that I did not break my neck, but death was You seem dimly to remember that on one occasion in the remote past you did to face it in another and less fearful find in it a missing word you wanted. shape. I could hear the madman's It shall have one more chance to distinguish itself. Perhaps the sentence to be amended reads thus: "As he tore the top of the stairs I cast a terrified open the telegram a smile of bitter look behind, and beheld him rushing mockery flickered across his haggard down the hall with the bayonet in his features, and he staggered behind the hand. Just then another lurid flash lit slender column." Suppose, now, it is up every corner of the desolate house the word "mockery" for which you seek

with blinding light, then vanished into a substitute. The Thesaurus suggests, redoubled darkness. My pursuer dashed a smile of bitter bathos, b tter buffoonheadlong up the steps—a stumble—a ery, bitter slip-of-the-longue, bitter scur-heavy fall—a deep groan—and all was rility. Or suppose it is "staggered" silence save the weird voices of the that is to be eliminated. You find as alluring alternatives, he fluctuated, he Slowly the hours of that terrible night curveted, he librated, he dangled. If dragged by. I remained crouched on each one of these would seem to impart the landing I had reached, afraid to a certain flavor that is hardly required move lest I should fall through some for your present purpose, you may unknown opening into the story below, write, he pranced, he flapped, he churn-shrinking in terror from the frightful ed, he effervesced, behind the slender violence of the storm, dreading far more column. Or should the word to be reanother attack from the maniac, and moved be "haggard," you have your praying as we only pray when in bodily choice between his squa'id features, his peril. At dawn I heard steps and maculated features, his besmeared featvoices in the hall and saw men with lan- ures, his rickety features. Or, finally, terns apparently searching for some if you are in search of something to fill ne. Presently, I heard one of them say: the place of "column," your incompar-"He ain't in none o' the rooms; I've able hand-book allows you to choose searched 'em every one, an' there ain't freely between the slender tallness, the no sign of a living thing about 'em."

"What's that?" said another, who promontory, top-gallant-mast, procerity, was standing near the stairs, "I heard something move and sorter groan under the stair-steps. Open that closet there."

"It's locked."

"It's locked." AN IDIOTIC NOTION.

The Idea That the Democracy Would At-tempt to Again Ensiave the Colored Man-It Has Gone with the Bloody Another Republican State convention, that of Michigan, has adopted a platform without any allusion to the rights of colored men as distinguished from the rights of white men. Three such platforms in two days constitute a most striking acknowledgement of the success of President Cleveland's

Administration in eliminating the negro question from politics. It would not be far out of the way to say that the Republican party has declared "in thunder tones" that there is no longer any such issue, and that the accession of the Dem-ocrats to power has been the cause of its disappearance. It is certain that the Republicans never before failed to make the most of it. It is equally certain that they would not fail now to "wave the bloody shirt" if there were any such thing to wave. Moreover, the Republicans in convention assembled are just as keenly alive to the dangers attending Chinese labor, and pauper labor, as the Democrats. It is not that they have forgotten any of the rights or wrongs of the downtrodden and oppressed. They have simply recognized the fact that the ensanguined garment has gone from among us. Surely, nothing could be more

easily spared. admirable disappearance sugrests a few reflections on the last na tional campaign. We shall not chide the Republicans for their gloomy prophesyings about the dreadful fate of the negro in case Mr. Cleveland were elected President. They mostly believed what they said. But the truth must be told that excessive and exclusive attention to one idea almost al-ways produces an unsettling of the balance, and causes the thinker to lose the sense of perspective. This is what Senator Hoar said was the matter with the Mugwumps two years ago. He said that their intense men-tal strain concerning the "spot" on Mr. Blaine's robe had caused them to lose all sense of the proportion of things. They could not see the impending fate of the negro in case Mr. Cleveland should be elected. They could only see the Mulligan letters. It was nothing to them that four millions of freedmen were about to be handed over to their former masters bound hand and foot. This was a trifle to

them compared with a few beggarly railroad bonds. Such obliquity of vision was simply astounding.

The Mugwumps replied that the Democratic party would not dare, even if they were so inclined, to oppress the colored man, since the first recognizable evidence of such intentions would cause them to be hurled from power. They argued that the sense of responsi bility for order and good government which power confers would lead this wicked party to be extremely careful in their ways, and that since the welfare of the negro, by reason of his geographical situation, was more dependent upon Democrats than upon Re publicans any way, he would, perhaps. e even better off when the respons bility for his good treatment rested wholly upon the ex-rebels. It was argued, also-and this was perhaps the most amazing and impudent pretence of all—that the Democrats were onehalf of the American people, and that what was good for them in the long run would be good for the rest of us. This was so opposed to the prevaiing Republican conception of things, that no words could be found to characterize the pernicious folly. The conception, shared even by some bankers and college professors, was that the Democrats were not American citizens at all, except in form that they were really a kind of foreigners reeking with Rum, Romanism and Rebellion, striving to gain control of the Government in order to overthrow it. The blow that Rev. Mr Burchard struck was a severe one in its effect upon the "Irish contingent,"

publican view of the Democratic party The Blaine Ir shmen recognized its flavor immediately. Along with the disappearance of the bloody shirt, and largely in consequence of it, there will also disappear he fantastic notion that one-half of the American people are bent upon the destruction of the Government and the establishment of some inde scribable pow-wow in its stead. Probably no one who held this belief ever gave himself the trouble to define in is own mind what kind of society Mr. Cleveland and his party would set up on the ruins of the constitution, if they should once get power. For-tunately for all such, they are now spared the necessity of doing so .- N.

because it expressed the common Re

PRESSING RIGHT ON.

The Democracy of New York Bringing Thieves to Justice, as It Has Always Done-Republican Pretensions. Several occurrences of recent date signalize the jealous vigilance with which the Democratic party guards its own honor and integrity. It has never taken to itself sufficient credit for its works in this respect-perhaps because it feels that there is no occasion to boast of merely performing an obvious duty. Still its disinclination to make capital out of its reforms has frequently been turned to its disadvantage, its opponents impudently arrogatday conveyed to you, by means of the ing the merit to themselves as the only delicately unobtrusive intimation of a real children of light. The Democracy blue-pencil line, the fact that you have never got the honor it deserved for annihilating the Tweed Ring and sending the chiefs of that bad band of plunderers to State prison or into exile-a purification which was wrought by Charles O'Conor, Samuel J. Tilden and other great leaders of the Democratic party. Republican orators and organs always speak of the Tweed Ring as if it were wholly Democratic in origin and texture, while they depict its disruption as the work of honest and earnest Republicans. To-day so zealous is the Democratic

party in its desire for pure government that through a Democratic mayor and a Democratic Governor it insists that buffoons and petty tricksters as well as great thieves must be kept out or ejected from public office. Yet the Governo receives but grudging and ungracious praise from a large portion of the press for his prompt removal of Squire, who is still in the net of the same Democratic district attorney that hunted down the Broadway franchise jobbers. Under the inspiration and guidance of Governor Hill the Democracy of New York State takes no step backward and ondones no wrong-doing .- N. Y. Graphic.

-Mr. Blaine says that he does "no wish to be understood as saying that the recent labor troubles were the reult of a Democratic Administration, but there is a suspicious contempora-neousness about the two which the emocrats should be called upon to explain." The panic of 1873, the labor riots of 1877, and the ye.low-fever epidemic of 1878, may likewise not have been the result of a Republican Administration, but there was a suspicious contemporaneousness about them which the Republicans should be called upon to explain,-Chicago Times.

- Hon. William Maxwell Evarts, we rejoice to hear, has recovered from the effects of his recent accident, and will soon resume business at the old stand. Many a less conscientious patriot would have applied for a pension.—Brooklyn Eagle. THIRD PARTY TALK.

The Difficulty in the Way of Localizing the Prohibition Question—Mr. Frye and Mr. Blaine Do Not Agree. Mr. Biaine's remarks in his speech on the

Prohibitionists, be it observed, are directed exclusively to the people of the State of The same fact has been remarked by ome of the best of our Democratic commentators. The rest of his speech was especially shaped as a "key-note" to the Republicans of the whole country, but he dared not thus to treat the uestion of prohibition. He preferred o consider it as a local issue.

Even in thus treating it he has raised storm of discontent. The Prohibiionists of his own party are after him with a sharp stick; and St. John, who lost him New York and the Presidency in 1884, is coming to Maine to help them. He joins in the charge of the Maine Prohibitionists that Mr. Blaine is trying to serve both God and Mammon that "he prea hes Probibition and works for free rum."

His old lieutenant, Senator Frye, is

working him great mischief by a vio-lent preaching of that which he does not practice. That he is not himself adverse to the wine which is red in the cup, and to the champagne which bubbles lusciously in the long-necked glass, is well known; but he had the hardihood in his Houlton speech to ut-terly disregard Mr. Blaine's advice, and to exhibit himself as a Prohibi tionist of the most ultra type. "I am a Prohibitionist," said he, "and I believe in its enforcement to the bitter end. I am in favor of the Republican party shouldering Prohibition, and I

know that in time the party would conquer under that banner."

This is not the first nor the last evi-dence that Senator Frye has given in late years of his willingness to stick a little knife into Mr. Blaine's cause. Here is another passage from his same Houlton speech, which has set the country to wondering and has fairly startled Mr. Blaine's friends.

startled Mr. Blaine's friends.

"If you see a man marching through the streets marked 'I am an honest man.' distrust him at once. You take a magnificent bridal dress, with its ribbons and splendid laces, and put it on exhibit on with a little ink spot on its skirt, and you will find plenty of men and women who will see nothing but that spot. Now, the people of this country, with an exclusite idelity to the best interest of the Nation, saw the little bit of a smirch on the skirt of Mr. Blaine's coat, and, therefore, voted that Mr Cleveland, a man who was smirched from head to foot, should be President."

Here is an open confession of one of

Here is an open confession of one of Maine's Republican Senators, before a great public meeting, that there was " smirch on Mr. Blaine's coat." It is

smirch on Mr. Blaine's coat." It is singular, is it not?

But, returning to the Prohibition question, Mr. Blaine will speedily find that, as a professed national leader of his party, he can not confine his public declarations upon this question to the State of Maine. We wholly mistake the signs of the times if, in the next two years. Prohibition does not be signed to the province of the province next two years, Prohibition does not play a greater part in the politics of this country than ever before. In Maine, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Michigan Prohibition "third parties" promise this year to control the balance of power, and to deter-mine the result of the State elections. If this shall prove true, then in the na tional contest of 1888 we shall witness a vote for the Prohibition Nationa ticket such as never before has been dreamed of. The Plumed Knight will not be able to maintain his position in the dark. He will be forced to come out from behind his concealing platitudes and to declare whether he is "for or against."-Cincinnati Enquirer

BLAINE'S DISHONESTY.

The Continental Fabricator from Maine

tention to the labor strikes, and insinuated that the policy of the Democratic more recklass or untruthful accusation. Does Blaine forget the railway strikes of a few years ago when the militia of nearly every State in the Union was called to arms and even the regular army had to be employed in saving property and pre venting bloodshed? The Democrati were not in power then, for the Republicans had every thing their own way, and even in Pennsylvania, where the State has launched out millions of dollars to railroad companies for damage done by strikers, not a Democrat was in a State office. Which party was in power when the telegraph op-erators' strike occurred and paralyzed trade for weeks? Who was responsible for the strike in the Hocking valley, Ohio, in the year 1884, which kept the country at fever heat for months, and blood trickled down the bleak hills of that coal region? It was shown at the time that Blaine was a stockholder in the Hocking valley company, which mported Hungarian miners to starv natives into subjection. The continental tabricator from Maine ought to stee clear of the subject of strikes, for the fact is well known that labor agitation was foreign to this country until th Republican party came into power. Scarcely had Blaine's falsehoods been scattered broadcast over the land when the news was telegraphed from Pittsburgh that nail mills, which have been idle for a long time, were about to start full blast under satisfactory arrangements with employes. It is strange that a man who has been in public life twenty-five years as Blair has should stand up before an intelligent people and utter such malicious falsehoods as he is handing out by wholesale. Does this impudent man who was steeped in corruption think the American people dolts, ready to accept as truth his falsehood? The game he is playing is a desperate one but it will fail of its object, for the voters of this country know the man who wrote "burn this letter," sold his vote as a representative of the citizens of Maine for Little Rock and Fort Smith stock, and attempted to rob poor Peru so that he might share the bogus claims of a French adventurer. Is it to be presumed that such a man no matter what he may say, will have weight with thinking men who have the best interests of the country at heart? The glamor with blatherskite has surrounded his words

will stand forth as the utterances of a man destitute of common honesty .-Buffalo Times. -Senator Mahone is a philosopher. He would have been glad to have succeeded himself as Senator, but the Fates and the votes decided otherwise. He is now willing to accept an election to the lower House as the successor of Congressman Brady. If a majority of the voters of the district are of same way of thinking as Senator Ma-houe, the Virginia apostle of readjustment will continue to figure as an leged statesman indefinitely. Such a result may be unfortunate for Virginia, but it will show that Senator Mahone is a patriot that is willing to take what he can get when he can't get all he wants. - Philadelphia Times.

-Blaine wants the Prohibitionists to vote for the Republican candidates, and Blaine's lieutenant, Frye, is using his persuasive efforts in the same di rection. He begins by calling the Prohibitionists 'impudent, unblushing scoundrels." He probably intends them to understand that he regards them as above flattery. - Detroit Free

KING PAUL I. Death of the Sovereign of a Micr

and Unknown Kingdom. What schoolmaster, to say nothing of 'every school-boy," knows there is a European kingdom named Tavolara lying in Mediterranean, or rather Tyrrhen-

of Tavolara, five miles long and one broad. Its possession and absolute sov-ereignty were formally granted by King Charles Albert, of Sardinia, to the Bartoleoni famity, and for more than half a century Paul I, King of Tavolara, reigned over it in peace. On the 30th of May last, King Paul was compelled o go to the mainland to seek treatment for heart disease. Finding that science was powerless in his case the King re-turned to his island to die in the midst

of his subjects, who are forty in num-ber. He died sitting in his chair, like the Emperor Vespasian, vainly endeav-oring to write a will. He was seventy-eight years old. The forty subjects of Re Paolo, as they called him, lost in him a benevolent and industrious monarch; his family lost a kind father, and the wild goats of the island, more numerous than the King's subjects, lost—we will not say they mourn the loss of—an intrepid hunter.

Tavolara is a smaller State than either the republic of San Marino, lying east

Gray or sandy beards are colored brown or black by Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

One bottle of Ayer's Ague Cure will eradof Italy, which has twenty-two square miles and eight thousand people; the principality of Monaco, on the French coast of the Mediterranean near th Italian frontier, which has eight and one-half square miles and eight thous-and five hundred inhabitants; or the republic of Andorra, lying between France and Spain, which is six hundred housand people. - Youth's Company

SLANTING ROOFS.

Very Plansible Story of Their Introd tion by the Ancient Greeks.

To find the source from which European nations have derived the art of building in stone, we must look to the land of the Pharaohs. From Egypt the craft passed to Greece, and from the Greeks it was taken up by the Romans, to be by them disseminated through the north and west of Europe in the process of colonization. The similarity in regard to the constructive parts of the ancient Greek buildings to some of those found in Egypt of older date, affords strong confirmation of the tradition that the Greeks borrowed the art from the Egyptians. The Greeks, however, in adopting it added a new feature, the adopting it added a new feature, the pediment, and the reason for this addition is easy to find. Egypt is practically rainless. All the protect on from the climate required in a palace or temple in such a country is shelter from the sun by day and from the cold by night, and for this a flat roof, supported by walls, or pillars with architraves, is quite sufficient; but, as when in all European countries, rain has to be taken into account, a slanting roof becomes neces-sary. The Greeks, with their eyes for symmetry, provided for this by forming the roof with a central ridge, at an obtuse angle, from which it sloped down equally on either side. The triangular space thus formed at the end of the building above the architrave was occupied by the ped ment, and this part of the facade, which owed its birth to the exigencies of climate, was thenceforth regarded as so essential to the artistic The Continental Fabricator from Maine completeness of the work that it was charging the Democracy with Being said that if a temple were to be erected Responsible for the Labor Troubles.

In his speech, to the preparation of which a year was devoted, at Sebago Lake, the other day, Blaine called at
Monthly.

Lake, the other day, Blaine called at--At Chautauoua recently there was a class of fifty who entered a competition party was responsible for them. It in English pronunciation. At the end would be difficult to imagine a of one hour forty-four had gone down on errors. fifteen minutes more settled three more. The remaining three withstood the tests for forty-five minutes more, when two failed. This left Miss Mary C. Cook, a teacher in the Buffalo Female Academy, the winner. - Buffale

-Cleveland, Tenn., is becoming quite a mule-shipping center. Nearly six thousand dollars worth of animals a week are shipped from there.

THE MARKETS. CINCINNATI, Sept. 13. LIVE STOCK-Cattle-Common \$1 50 Choice Butchers
HOGS—Common
Good Packers
SHEEP—Good to choice.
FLOUR—Family.
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red. PROVISIONS-Pork-Mess... Lard-Prime Steam... BUTTER-Choice Dairy... NEW YORK.

FLOUR-State and We tern... 2 15 GRAIN-Wheat, No. 2 Chicago... CHICAGO. 

BALTIMORK. Lard-Refined
CATTLE-First quality
HOGS INDIANAPOLIS. LOUISVILLE.

8 00 G 8 25

RED STAR will give way to honest penetration and SAFE. MARKA

SPRAINS, burns, bruises are promptly heal-ed by St. Jacobs Oil, the conqueror of pain.

THE St. Nicholas tells of a dog that can count. But it can't equal a cat in running up a column.—Texas Siftings.

It Astonished the Public ing in Mediterranean, or rather Tyrrhenian, waters, the King of which, Paul L, died only a few months ago, full of years and honors?

Off the northeast coast of the Island of Sardinia lies the much smaller Island of Tavolara, five miles long and one broad. Its possession and absolute sovereignty were formally granted by King Charles Albert, of Sardinia, to the Bartoleoni family, and for more than half a century Paul I. King of Tavolara.

Eveny man is said to have his price, but the trouble is nobody but himself knows the private mark.—Chicago Tribune.

BAY, why is every thing Either at sixes or at sevens?"

Probably, my dear nervous sister, because you are suffering from some of the diseases peculiar to your sex. You have a "dragging-down" feeling, the back-ache, you are debilitated, you have pains of various kinds. Take Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" and be cured. Price reduced to one dollar. By druggists.

Hr.—"Miss Elsa, do you play on the piano!" She—"No. sir; I can't play a single note." He—"Elsa, I love you."—Lifa.

"Dream of eggs, sign of money," says the dream-book. Perhaps that is the origin of the term "shell out."—Chicago Mail.

A Positive Fact of the Age is the certain-GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP.
HILL'S HAIR AND WHISKER DYE, Black or

The fly is not much of an astronomer, but if there is a cream-jug within his orbit he'll find out all about the milky way. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" are perfect preventives of constipation. Inclosed in glass bottles, always fresh. By all druggists.

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THE Frazer Axle Grease is the best in the world. Sold everywhere. Use it. Wanted—The name of the goldsmith who made the welkin ring.—Texas Siftings.

RELIEF is immediate, and a cure sure Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. 50 cents.

Way is a dog's tail a novelty! It never seen before.



vegetable tonics, quickly and completely Cures Dyspepsia, Indignation, Weak-ness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the Kidney and Liver.

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CREAM BALM CATARRY Made only by BROWN CHERICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD head Ely's Cream head Ely's Cream

Balm works like
magic. It cured me of catarrh and restored the sense of

mell .- E. H. Shergood, Banker, Eliza-HAY-FEVER beth. N. J.

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THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY

About thirty years ago a prominent physician b the name of Dr. William Hall discovered a remedy for diseases of the throat, chest and lungs which soon gained a wide reputation in this country. The name of the medicine is Dn. Wm. Hall's Balsam FOR THE LUNGS, and may be safely relied on as a speedy and positive cure for coughs, colds, con-sumption, pneumonia, etc. \*

in the world. Warranted to stand in any climate. Asi LYON & HEALY, 162 STATE ST. CHICAGO, IL

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CATARRH Also good for Cold in the Head, Headache, Hay Feyer, &c., 50 cents.

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for business in her locality. Salary 656. E. J. Johnson, Manager, 14 Barciay St., N.Y. SE TO SE A DAY. Samples worth 61,50 FREE. Lines not under the Borse's feet. Write **Water Runs Down** 

Hill, and just as naturally life, energy and stragging are gained by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. The poculiar toning, purifying and vitalizing qualities of this successful medicine are felt throughout the entire system, expelling disease, and giving quick healthy action to every organ. If you suffer from any disease of the blood, stomach disorder, or difficulty with the liver and kidneys, try the peculiar medicine, Hood's Sarsaparilla. Be sure to get Hood's. Take no other.

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Or CHILLS and FEVER. The proprietor of this catebrated medicine justly claims for it a superiority over all remedies ever offered to the public for the SAFE, CERTAIN, SPIEDY and FERMANEST curs of Agne and Fever, or Chills and Fever, whether of short or long standing. He refers to the entire Western and Southern country to bear him testimony to the truth of the assertion that in no case whatever will it fail to cure if the directions are strictly followed and carried cut. In a great many cases a single dose has been sufficient for a cure, and whole families have been cured by a single bottle, with a perfect restoration of the general health. It is, however, prudent, and in every case more certain to cure, if its use is continued in smaller doses for a week or two after the disease has been checked, more especially in difficult and long-standing cases. Usually this medicine will not require any aid to keep the bowels in good order. Should the patient, however, require a esthartic medicine, after having taken three or four doses of the Tonic, a single dose of KENT'S VEGETABLE FAMILY FILLS will be sufficient. USE no other pill. ND ALL MALARIAL DISEASES.

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Price, \$1.00 per Bottle; Six Bottles for \$5.

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BULL'S SARSAPARILLA. BULL'S WORM DESTROYER The Popular Remedies of the Day.

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Instantly relieves and soon cures Colds, Sore Parcat, Bronchetts, Picurisy, Stiff Neck, all conges-ions and initammations, whether of the Lungs, iddneys or Bowels.

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Proprietors of Radway's Sarsaparilli and Dr. Radway's Pills.

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